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# Apollo XVII



space

spaceship

quest

118 7 5

**Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani****Year 2080**

It has been 60 years since the end of the nuclear war. Nations have fallen apart and the green lush life has been erased. Temperatures continue to increase due to the greenhouse effect. The courage of men lies in the strength of a single thread.

**Year 2085**

A group of people known as the WhiteHand are in search of a vehicle that will take them into space and beyond to help mankind progress. No longer can people farm due to the conditions created by the nuclear fallout.

**Year 2087**

The WhiteHand have found ApolloXVII, but how will they operate the vehicle? The fate of mankind now rests upon one person. The WhiteHand fear as they believe he or she is a part of the BlackHand. They are known for terrorizing a group full of bandits, thieves, murderers and mercenaries.

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Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



Magnus Alexander Bane. This is the name of our potential savior. He was a NASA engineer before the war. Even though he didn't work on the control system, he knows more than anybody alive. He holds the clue that leads to the key that unlocks the next door.

And Magnus Alexander Bane is sick.

### Chapter 3 by Gabriel



« Bad luck huh? » Magnus had a knack for joking in the worst possible situations... some even say he joked when his wife died from radiation poisoning, only days after the black rain appeared after the first bombs fell. Then again, this is how the BlackHands dealt with anything. No drama, no feelings.

Just rape, pillage and murder at will, and as long as you didn't bear the moon shaped scar, you were a potential target.

That's not the way they saw it though: any outsiders were non-beings, weak herds that needed culling. The BlackHands saw themselves as the rightful torch bearers of civilisation, considering the WhiteHands as a subhuman gathering of cancerous cells. If they didn't know eating them was a health hazard, they probably would have done it already.

They had stumbled upon Apollo XVII through mere luck, and soon enough, they'd hand it over with shaking, bloodied hands.

Magnus was pulling his once luscious hair by the fistful, between bloody coughing fits. Ricardo Hernandez, the head doctor for the Florida Chapter of the BlackHands, was standing in the corner of the room with Peter Labous, second in Command for what was left of the disheveled southern state. The once unbearably warm region was now plunged in the frozen darkness of a nuclear winter. Hernandez's voice was muffled by layers of scarves, his Cuban accent still filtering through.

« He's obviously been drinking dirty water, boss. All that blood coming out of every possible hole in his body can only be cured with Radiogardase and good doses of Potassium iodide.

But this is the worst I can do. I need to see a specialist. I need to get to it as soon as possible. If we wait, I can guarantee you he'll be dead in two weeks. Top priority.

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« Two weeks isn't enough. I'll send a raiders party but we need to get as much knowledge out of him in case he dies on us. I want one of your boys sitting with with a note book and picking his sick brain every hour of the day or night. If we don't get enough intel out of him to fly the damn thing to whatever's left out there, I'll personally be feeding you to our starving hounds. Understood?» There was no threat in Labous' voice, he knew he didn't need it. People had seen him order the most unspeakable acts on living beings. They knew he's do it without blinking.

« Ye...Yes sir! » Replied Hernandez in a trembling but loud voice.

## Chapter 4 by J



While Magnus always had a knack for sarcastic humor, there was one thing he would never joke about: handing over his knowledge to the BlackHands. Some how, some way, he was going to have to get the needed information to members of WhiteHand. After all, what would BlackHand do if they were able to expand across the galaxy?

Magnus knew that it would be risky to probe his new 'friends' for WhiteHand sympathizers. But, it was a risk he was going to have to take. Humanity hung in the balance. After all, it's not like BlackHand could outright kill him. He had knowledge. Knowledge that they needed just as badly as he needed to keep his life.

## Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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